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Thousand Islands

The EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA

Queen's University at Kingston

THE
THOUSAND ISLANDS

PHOTO-GRAVURES

THE ALBERTYPE CO.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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PUBLISHER OF AMERICAN VIEWS,
250 ADAMS ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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SCATTERED in prodigal profusion along the noble St. Lawrence River, from Cape Vincent and Clayton to Alexandria Bay and down to Morristown—the channel in some place being twelve miles broad—are the island gems, more than 1800 in number, known collectively as the Thousand Islands. They vary in size from a small mass of rock to picturesque islands, luxurious with vegetation and miles in extent. Many of the Islands have been converted into summer homes, with here a cluster of cottages and there a pretentious house or castle-like structure of stone. Bright and pleasing colors abound. Flags and streamers, the whistles of the many-shaped steam vessels, waving handkerchiefs and other signs of general good fellowship greet you on all sides. At night the river is ablaze with lights—lights in cottage windows and upon docks and vessels—long belts of lights flashing from huge hotels, lanterns arranged in fantastic forms, crowns and stars and suns of fire. Many colored calcium lights flash across the scene and vie with the searchlight of steamers on their nightly errands.

But civilization as it shows itself among the Thousand Islands is not obtrusive. It rather heightens than detracts from the total impression. In wild beauty, in grace and boldness of outline, in form and color, in beauty near at hand or in distant prospects, in infinite variety, and in the endless combinations of land and water views, the Thousand Islands surpass any known river scenery. Giant forces have been at work here in the past, and the Titans in their sport have hurled rocks and islands broadcast, leaving the blue limpid waters of the St. Lawrence to filter through as best they can. As the visitor moves along in the skiff or upon the steamer's deck, the view changes almost every moment. New beauties present themselves before the eye has been satisfied with those on which it already looks. One may spend months or years in this favored spot without exhausting it's charms. The lovely flowers which Frontenac saw in 1673—"as beautiful as can be seen" still blossom in the crevices of the rocks and along the shore.

Laved by the clear blue waters of the St. Lawrence, and fanned by gentle breezes which come laden with the balmy odors of balsam, pine and cedar, the Islands are at all times delightfully cool and refreshing. You may in canoe or boat, float to some sequestered bay redolent of the perfume and water lilies. Or, if a lover of fishing, you may tempt the wily bass from his hiding-place, or, if given to sentiment, you may alight on some quiet island, make a bed of the mossy rock or green sward, watch the clouds and the white-winged vessels, or wake the echoes with guitar, mandolin or song.

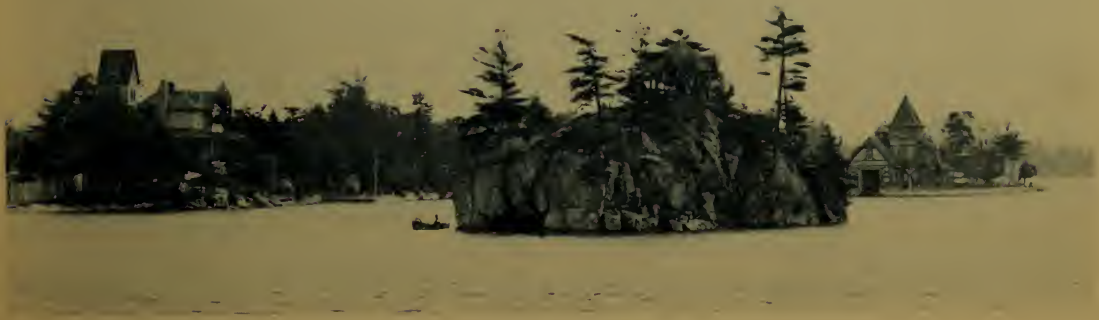
THE SENTINEL AT THE ENTRANCE TO LAKE OF THE ISLES.

CASTLE REST. NOBBY ISLAND. HEART ISLAND.

VIEW FROM HOPEWELL HALL.

CROSSMON HOUSE. MARSDEN HOUSE. THOUSAND ISLAND HOUSE.

ALEXANDRIA BAY.



DEVIL'S OVEN.

THOUSAND ISLAND CLUB HOUSE—WELCOME ISLAND.

HEART ISLAND—MR. GEO. C. BOLDT.

IMPERIAL ISLAND—G. T. RAFFERTY. ALLISTER TOWER—HEART ISLAND.

Hopewell Hall, (Wm. C. Browning) Castle Rest, (Geo. M. Pullman)

HOPEWELL HALL—WM. C. BROWNING.

CUBA ISLAND.

Rose Island.

STEAMER "TORONTO"

STEAMER "NEW YORK."

ALLISTER TOWER—HEART ISLAND.

THE RIFT IN HALSTEAD BAY.

Lost Channel.

THE NEW FRONTENAC—ROUND ISLAND.

West from Echo Lodge.